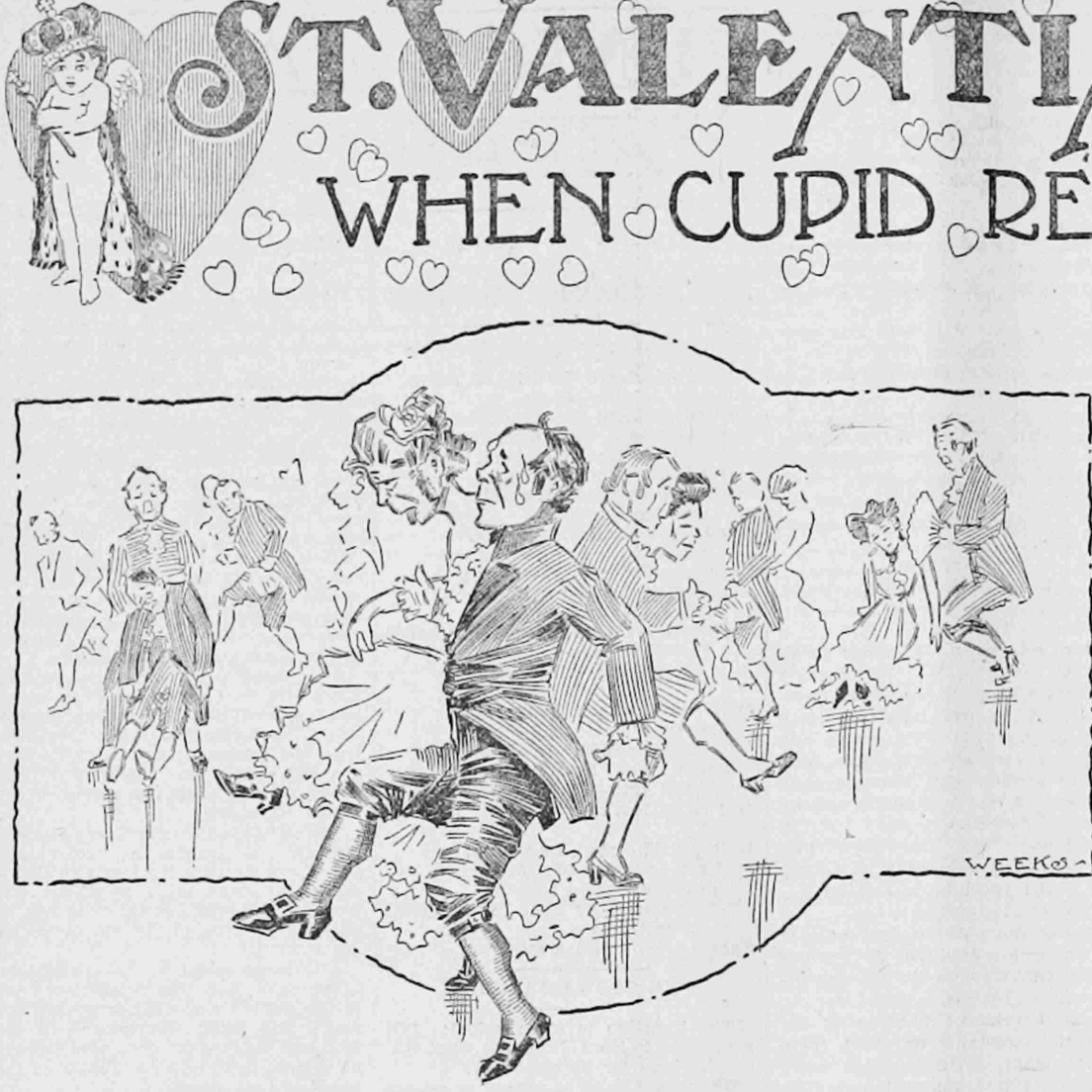


ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

WHEN CUPID REIGNS SUPREME.



CUPID reigns every day—but on St. Valentine's Day he reigns supreme. Of all the holidays in the year, the fourteenth of February is the only one set apart on which to make obeisance to the mischievous, adorable little son of Venus. Not that the troublesome elf needs a day for his very own, or that he appreciates the honor, especially, for he well knows that every day is his own. But his arrows fly just as true and as straight on one day as on the other and that all men and all women of all ages have bowed to him and obeyed—always.

But on St. Valentine's Day the spirit of Love is recognized more openly than at other times. The little winged god, ordained the God of Love by the Romans, and held in high esteem among their host of deities, sends his arrows broadcast. They lurk in dainty mischievous of tangled lace paper valentines, that keep the postmen busy delivering them. They hide in the petals of violets and roses and the sweetest of floral tributes to Missy Fair from her admirer. They go through the land and leave in their wake happiness and heartiness or disappointment and rue. And lovers await them, expect them, welcome them.

In Our Own Country.
The celebration of the day in our own country is so well known that it scarcely needs setting forth. The custom of sending one's valentines anonymously, however, seems to be largely confined to the English speaking people. And the much-mooted growth of the so-called comic valentines, horrible distortions of even clodhopper humor, is distinctly American. St. Valentine, if he be the one responsible for the day, could scarcely have contemplated such things as these. Our celebration is more a personal one to the individual than a collective one in which a number can get together and celebrate simultaneously. In fact, the sender of a valentine nowadays does it almost like the proverbial fish in the night.

In the Churchyard.
In Derbyshire, England, where a love-lorn lass, who is not afraid of the dark and supernatural, wants to find out what her future lord and master looks like, she goes into the churchyard at midnight of St. Valentine's eve and, as the clock strikes 12, commences running around the church and repeating without intermission:

"I saw hemlock, hemlock I saw,
He that loves me best
Come after me now."

Having made the circuit of the church 12 times, repeating all the while the touching little doggerel, she will behold, unless she dozes with exhaustion, her rapid-transit, moving-picture oratorical stunt, the figure of her lover, dim and ghostly, following her footsteps around the church.

In the county of Norfolk, England, as soon as it grows dark, packages are laid on doorsteps, the bell is rung and the better seconds away. The packages are supposed to contain presents, thus being

a sort of combined Christmas and Halloween.

Though it is certain the English idea of humor has not as yet grasped in its entirety the American's joy in flooding his friends—and enemies—with the atrocious comic valentine, there are still possibilities in this old custom.

What a chance for the practical joker to leave a package on a door step, ring the bell and "beat it" and, from the friendly shadows of a nearby tree or wall, watch the consternation of the sturdy English face that answers the ring and finds in the package, in place of the expected present, a little thing that only stories are supposed to have the privilege of depositing on front door steps!

What's in the Package?
Or picture the hale and hearty English squire coming home nearer sunrise than sunset with the loving spirit of St. Valentine's Day—and other spirits—oozing out of his very eyes. He's in better shape than the man who had to tell his caddy to add his better half to pull-down down to the carriage and pick him out from the rest of the good fellows aboard. It—but he's sufficiently three-sheet-blue to make it desirable for his caddy to deposit him on the front door step along with the rest of the "packages" laid there, ring the bell and scot—just like the other St. Valentine's Day celebrants. As is evident, there are vast possibilities in this package system of observing the day. It depends upon the package.

In the west of England there was one ancient custom that was extraordinarily singular. Early in the morning of St. Valentine's Day young men, necessarily of the character that "deserve" in the strenuous life, started out together with a clap-net to catch an owl and two sparrows in some neighboring barn. If they were successful in catching the bird, and brought them to the village inn without injury and before the women folk had risen, they were rewarded with three pots of punch (whatever that be) by the innkeeper. They also enjoyed the privilege of demanding similar consideration at the hands of every householder in the neighborhood.

Things that bear the earmarks of age, even though they be nothing more sacred than customs, should be revered. It is true. But a wee bit of speculation as to "how it felt to be there" can scarcely be considered iconoclastic or irreverent—though it may be somewhat irrelevant. In the first place, it may be noted, this unique and laborious method of procuring the aforementioned punch was evidently a species of graft that appealed strongly to the minds of those rustic avians.

Why They Did It.
Just why this punch should be considered worth crawling out of a warm bed at 3 in the morning and stabbing around in the dark with a clap-net for an owl not on to his job, while the day from the left of the barn sifted down into one's nostrils, the chronicler fails to relate. Perhaps the young men of those days considered such a stunt a regular helluva time. Or, perhaps, it was simply a case of seizing an opportunity of getting on

the outside of a lot of punch in free-lunch fashion. At all events, according to the chronicler, they went after the birds with the same patience the modern "bugologist" expends in chasing butterflies over a new-plowed field, and received their reward with an applause and admiration similar to that the present-day head of a family receives if he can get out of bed on to the cold floor in the morning and turn on the steam without a murmur. Though scarcely necessary to say so, it is incumbent upon the writer to relate that he has not been able to discover a survival of this custom in any form in the modern American celebration of St. Valentine's Day.

In many of the European countries the St. Valentine Day kiss was exchanged between young people as a token of good will. The exact nature of such an osculatory performance is somewhat vague. Though the same conscientious chronicler does not mention the relationship, it suggested that this St. Valentine Day kiss is a third cousin, at least, deceased, of the famous "soul" kiss. There is some doubt on this point, however, for in no way can an exegesis of the word "affinity" lead the investigator back to that time. On the other hand, the fact that this custom is now in vogue universally—not only on St. Valentine's Day, but on other days, and far into the night as well—is significant. The only difference is that the so-called St. Valentine Day kiss of the present is a token of good will—and other things.

Can It Be Possible?
Apropos of the same elucidating sub-

ject, the chronicler states further that: "If a man meet a maid and she does not readily assent to the osculatory practice, it is a kind of service on him that his attentions are not desirable and is looked upon as a conge."

Yes, verily! A case of the original stingerino and the original "stung." It would seem. But it is far, far better than the big stick of the fly cop and a joy ride to the police station.

Even to the present day, it is customary in Europe for the young men to meet together on the village green in trials of strength. The young lad who has read his "sporting extras" most zealously and is able to give most fluently the precise and indisputable reasons why Jim Jeffries should climb back into the ring and "put it all over" big black Jack Johnson, is the lad who should come off with the gate receipts. Being "the candy kid," he naturally has his choice of the maidens fair to have, apparently, laid aside their grudge as suffragettes and consented to occupy ringside seats at the fight. The losers, however, come in for a whack-up on the short end of the purse, for they are allowed to choose their maid-

"The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down."
The absolute wholeheartedness of the dance and the fierceness of these tests of endurance must be seen to be appreciated. Though the occasion is one of the utmost jollity and good will, the contestants are in dead earnest in their endeavors to win.

From Shakespeare.
Shakespeare says of the day in his world-wide Valentine:

"I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which kindly souls and prosper loves."

In England the schoolgirls of a half a century ago placed at the buttons on their gowns and uttered in a sing-song monotone on St. Valentine's Day the verse:

"Tinker, tailor,
Soldier, sailor,
Apothecary,
Ploughboy, thief."

If, after singing these words for a stated number of times they should find more than the one on whom of all mentioned in their roundelay their hearts were set they scattered in great flight.

A Gentle Protest.
The earliest and most popular St. Valentine's Day jingle that has been handed down to the present time is:

"The rose is red,
The violet blue,
Sugar is sweet,
And so are you."

The gentle Dean Swift, in writing to a friend, describes his first reception of a comic valentine:

"I was seated in my library when the postmaster arrived and I opened the bag. What was my surprise to find my first greeting on St. Valentine's morning to be a representation of a fat parson, with a body like a pig and a head like a dot. Of course, it grieved me, for I always considered the day one devoted to everything beautiful in life. But I felt far more compassion for the unfortunate mental condition of the sender than I did for the feelings of the recipient, which were, I assure you, quite healed before I finished breakfast."

The simplicity of this gentle protest, scarcely a rebuke, is pathetic. Much more kindly and considerate is the tone of the day suggests innumerable, like the following:

"If you'll be mine
I will be thine,
And so good
To each other be."

For St. Valentine's Day is a day of joy, of love, of happiness.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S HOLIDAY

by William Farwell

Receiving Valentines
American Gypsies: Romany Women around their Campfire ready for the Valentine Day Harvest
Spring Misdirected Valentines at the Post Office at Washington D. C.

Receiving Valentines
A CONSIDERABLE proportion of our American holidays are before all else, children's festivals—that is, children derive the keenest enjoyment from their observance. However, the one observance that is not only pre-eminently, but almost universally, a young people's holiday, is St. Valentine's Day. The devotees of the February feast of sentiment include all members of the junior generation from little tots too young to understand the significance of the exchange of pretty pictures to young men and young women who take advantage of the license of this occasion to make more or less veiled declarations of regard or the reverse.

Oddly enough the origin of St. Valentine's Day seems to glow in the memory of the modern custom of exchanging on February 14 missives and epistles, either comic or sentimental. Certainly there was naught in the life of Saint Valentine, a bishop or pope of Rome, to suggest the promiscuous dispatch of tokens wherein are conveyed in prose, in verse or in emblematic picture the love of the sender or the faults and foibles of the recipient. As a matter of fact Saint Valentine led a particularly somber existence. Clinging steadfastly to his faith during the Claudian persecutions he was cast into jail and ultimately was beaten with clubs and finally beheaded.

A second churchman bearing the name of Valentine, whose possible connection with the origin of St. Valentine's Day has sometimes been suggested, was likewise a bishop. Both bearers of the now magic name were accounted to possess miraculous powers for the sick. The first-mentioned bishop while in prison cured of blindness the daughter of his keeper, and to the second prayers were yet offered up in Germany and Italy for the cure of epilepsy. This second Bishop Valentine also met a violent death, being

choked by a fish bone. Students of history and delvers into the lore of tradition have made various attempts, none wholly successful, to explain how the modern festival of mirth and sentiment derived its name. One of the most plausible theories is based on the fact that in the olden days "v" and "g" were frequently interchangeable in popular speech. There is evidence that the Norman word galanth—a gallant and lover of the fair sex—was frequently written and pronounced valentan or valentin. With such a foundation it is easy to credit the corruption of the phrase to the present-day Valentine Day or, perhaps, by a confusion of names, Bishop Valentine may have been established as the patron saint of lovers and sweethearts, although, as we have seen in a fleeting glimpse of his biography, there was no warrant whatever for such designation.

As far back as 1721 when Valentine Day was already an established custom in England we find one British writer attempting to explain its origin on the premise that about this time of year—the middle of February—the birds choose their mates and that probably this suggested the custom of young men and maidens adopting the same season as a time for choosing valentines or special loving friends. An even more plausible explanation is that our latter-day feast of St. Valentine is merely the Christianized form of the classic Lupercalia—a feast held annually in Rome during the month of February in honor of Pan and Juno and the chief feature of the ceremonies of which was the practice of placing the names of young women in a box or other receptacle from which they were drawn, as chances directed, by young men.

As the story goes the Christian clergy, despite repeated efforts, were never able to abolish this pagan practice. During the sixteenth century the church in the person of St. Francis de Sales "severely forbade the custom of valentines or giving boys in writing the names of girls to be admired and attended on by them." As a substitute there was inaugurated the practice of giving billets containing the names of certain saints, but in the end St. Francis was no more successful in this crusade than his predecessors had been. The sentimental young folks returned to their old practices and restored the heart warm with all its old significance.

Indeed, they did more. They abolished, about this time, the practice of leaving solely to the young men the choice of mates. France took the lead in usher-

ing in this era of equal rights in the valentine lottery and henceforth the names of young people of both sexes were written on bits of paper and placed in the proper receptacles so that at the drawing each participant was sure to secure a partner from the other sex. The selection thus made was supposed to seal a sentimental bond that should endure for at least a year, if not terminated by marriage. Throughout the twelfth century a couple designated partners by fate's decree stood in the relation of cavalier and lady of beauty, the knight being bound, of course, to honor and defend his charge who repaid his chivalrousness by smiles and sentimental tokens.

The custom soon spread from France to England and was in high favor there as early as 1690. The practice of having both the young men and the young women draw lots or "valentines," had one disadvantage in that it was seldom that partners were placed in a double bond by each drawing the name of the other. As a rule, a young man who drew the name of a girl would find that his name in turn had been drawn by some other girl. However, disputes as to the possession were in a great measure forestalled by the accepted custom of young men in general to show greater allegiance to the maidens who drafted them, as it were. In Scotland it was the custom several centuries ago for young men and young women to regard as a "valentine" the first representative of the opposite

sex who was met with on the street on the morning of the 14th of February.

In Shakespeare's day the approved observance of St. Valentine's festival seems to have taken the form of "challenging" valentines, with the understanding that he or she who said it first on meeting a person of the opposite sex should receive a present. In short, it was a custom very similar in effect to the Christmas gift giving which long prevailed, and yet obtains in many parts of the United States. As time went on the practice was amended that all the challenging was done by the young ladies and all the giving of presents by the young men who were successfully challenged. This custom seems to have been the direct forerunner of the modern practice of exchanging printed or written valentines. In a pamphlet dated in London, on February 14, 1697, we read of an innovation in the form of a valentine token consisting of the recipient's name written in gold letters upon blue paper. Then brief mottoes, such as "Most courteous and most fair," began to make their appearance upon the primitive valentines, and gradually, step by step, there was evolved the silk and satin lace paper confections of the present era.

For many years the belles and beaux had to depend for the fashioning of valentines wholly upon their own ingenuity and skill in penmanship. At the outset all such tokens had to be delivered by the author in person, and even after the establishment of post systems this practice was largely adhered to for the dispatch of love tokens by mail was an expensive luxury. Then with the reduction in postal rates and appearance of printed valentines there dawned the present regime of manufactured sentiment run riot. Cheap postage and the opportunities the mails afford for concealing

Passenger Balloons Planned in France.
BEFORE many months have passed away it is planned by what is claimed to be a substantial commercial corporation in France, to have giant steerable balloons flying, or perhaps more properly speaking, sailing, from a number of big French cities and carrying loads of passengers in competition with the railroads. It is claimed for this new idea that it will be far cheaper to operate than railroads and the manufacturers of dirigible balloons are said to have guaranteed that the air ships for passengers will be safe and able to live up to schedule except under extraordinary weather conditions.

The minister of public works for the French Republic has already begun to outline the rules and regulations which will govern airships in future sailing balloons (both armed for battle and the sort to spy out foreign countries) to be sailing through the atmosphere over Europe. State balloons, military balloons, air ships belonging to private individuals and dirigibles like those mentioned as planned to carry passengers for regular traffic will all have to be governed by new legislation and in France the official bureau chiefs must report the ideas for the French chamber of deputies and senators to work on.

gun to beat itself over what it considers the imminent importance of rules and regulations governing the rights of the atmosphere, now that it expects war balloons to spy out foreign countries) to be sailing through the atmosphere over Europe. State balloons, military balloons, air ships belonging to private individuals and dirigibles like those mentioned as planned to carry passengers for regular traffic will all have to be governed by new legislation and in France the official bureau chiefs must report the ideas for the French chamber of deputies and senators to work on.

Intensive Farming on the Pacific Coast.
IT is claimed that seven acres of apple trees recently sold in the state of Washington at \$3,000 an acre. In the same vicinity were other small fruit farms where the land was so highly valued. The returns from these small fruit farms, where intensive cultivation is practiced, are said to run up to thousands of dollars per annum. In Delaware there is a single apple orchard said to bring its owner \$10,000 a year. When husbandry reaches such figures there must be brains of a high order behind the pruning knife and cultivator.

It is noticeable that the old-fashioned apple tree and not the new-fangled or semi-tropical fruits appears to be the key to this unusual wealth in horticulture. In fact, no single crop is as valuable as the apple. The demand is unfailing and where intensive cultivation is made the returns are said to be more certain than from any other form of crops. Chickens and pigs are raised between the apple trees and with the five and seven acre farms the great bulk of the labor can be done by the owner, his wife and children.

There is said to be no more healthy life than that of the intensive farmer and the hours are short and the work very light. Two-year-old apple trees, when transplanted from the nursery to the apple farms, will bear some fruit the third year and five boxes of fine fruit can be obtained the sixth year.

After this the trees respond annually with plenty of fine fruit, which, with modern methods of transmitting fruit in refrigerator cars permits the apples to be forwarded to great cities where remunerative prices can be obtained.